

Daily Democrat.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.
OFFICE—

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28, 1864.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Daily Democrat, delivered by carriers throughout the city, is at the rate of twenty-five cents per week, including the Sunday paper.

Important Notice.

Owing to the increased expense of every article used in the printing business, and an advance price of twenty-five per cent, on the expense of composition, we are compelled to increase the cost of the Daily Democrat. Thereafter the Daily, by mail, will be one dollar per month, six dollars for six months, or ten dollars per year, always in advance.

CITY NEWS

Adams Press for Sale.

One of the largest sized Adams presses, in complete order, is offered for sale. It is so good as new and will be sold at a fair gain, as we have no use for it. Apply at the Democrat office.

OUR AGENTS.—Messrs. Morris & Bro., Lexington, and Mr. J. D. Pollard, Frankfort, are our agents. The Daily Democrat can be had at either of the above news depots every morning.

Mr. R. H. Singletor, Nashville, Tenn., has the Louisville Democrat and sells to all at five cents apiece.

The Enrollment Lists.

We publish this morning several additional lists of the ward enrollments. We shall continue the lists until all the wards are published.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Monday Morning, Dec. 28.—The prisoners' bench this morning was filled with persons of all ages and kinds, who had been taking Christmas, some by hard drinking, some by fighting and others by stealing.

John Conner, drunk and disorderly; fined \$5.

Eller Riley, drunk and disorderly; bell in \$100 for two months.

Frank McDonald, drunk and disorderly discharged.

Joseph Clayton, drunk and disorderly convicted; discharged.

Wm. B. Dennis, drunk and disorderly convicted; discharged.

Lewis Walk, drunk and disorderly convicted; discharged.

Nancy Adam, destroying the property of Wm. Nally; discharged.

Ivan Pennington, drunk and disorderly convicted; discharged.

James Smith, drunk and disorderly convicted; fined \$5.

Phil Leonard, Joseph Harding and Robert Wise, stealing boots from John Wayman, worth over \$4; Harding and Wise, held in \$200 to answer, and Leonard in \$200 for six months' good behavior.

A peace warrant was called and dismissed, the prosecuting witness not appearing.

Henry Baker and Pat McMenemy, stealing \$100 from Henry McMenemy; McMenemy held in \$900 to answer, and Baker discharged.

John Cunningham, Pa. Quine and Edward Conner, stealing \$10 in money, a hat and music box from Constantine Fischbeck; bell in each in \$500 to answer at the circuit court.

Lacy, slave of A. Hardy, stealing clothing from A. W. Lockwood, worth over \$4; the witness not appearing, she was discharged.

Robert Lodge, having in his possession counterfeit money with the intention to circulate the same; discharged.

Mattie Newmen, stealing clothing worth over \$4 from J. Kline; held to answer.

Tuesday Morning, Dec. 27.—Pat. Riley, drunk and disorderly, convicted; fined \$10. Gone to the cave to work it out.

George Watson, m. c., George Lewis, f. m. c., Alfred, slave of George Forman, and Olde, slave of Russell Thurston, were all making Sunday night hideous with their yells, and defying the police to arrest them; Lewis was fined \$10, Watson \$5 and the slaves discharged.

F. Reinhart, disorderly conduct and defying the officers; bell in \$300 for three months.

George Davis, stealing a wall valise less than four dollars from Ophelia Bushaw; fined \$5.

Martin Slaughter, Wm. Wright and E. W. Homer, demanding money from Wm. Denham with intent to rob; Slaughter and Homer were fined \$5 each; Wright was discharged.

Wm. Wright, stealing \$10 from Alice Wright; continued until to-morrow morning.

CITY.—Well, the day of egg-nogs, headaches, shooting crackers and drunks generally is over. We saw a good many who were "oler's the ill o' life victorious," but never saw so many half-grown boys so drunk and boisterous before in one day. They no doubt thought themselves huge, but they looked very small, and their mothers ought to speak them "outrageously" for their conduct. A quantity of young men were "out racing" Monday evening, but their visits didn't last long—they left by the wayside. Yesterday they no doubt felt like they had been standing on their heads for a week. Our city was quiet yesterday, and the day was a dull one. Mud is still rising slowly, with a fair prospect of more mud. Business was dull; military matters were duller; marriages duller. No news of much importance could be learned on the streets. All is mud! mud! mud!

ROMNEY.—On Sunday night the boarding house of Mrs. Merritt, on Jefferson street, between First and Second, was entered by some burglars, whom made their way to a room occupied by Mr. Colburn, of Ryan & Colburn's minstrels, who was robbed of a fine watch, \$100 in money, besides other articles of value. Mr. Calhoun was not aroused by the movements of the robbers, and he thinks they made use of chloroform to accomplish the deed.

MASONIC.—At a regular meeting of Compas Lodge, No. 225, F. and A. M., held December 27th, 1864, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: John H. Howe, W. M.; T. J. Swan, S. W.; J. T. F. J.; Wm. Croney, Treasurer; Wm. McCready, Secretary; Wm. Hippwell, S. D.; John H. Correll, J. D.; R. C. Matthew, S. and T.

TOOK THE OATH.—The following rebel deserters took the oath yesterday and became loyal citizens of Uncle Sam's dominions: John C. Anderson, 4th Ga.; Wm. Coleman, 6th Ga.; Thos. Dalton, 6th Ga., and Robert Gray, 6th Ga.

SENT OVER THE RIVER.—We understand that Chas. Smith, who has figured in our city to some extent as a Captain in the army and as a detective, has been sent north of the Ohio river by General Ewing, to remain there during the war.

THE grand ball of the United Sons of Erin comes off this evening at Masonic Temple. Let all lovers of the Terpsichorean art be on hand, as their balls always give entire satisfaction.

MESSRS. TUCKER & CO. have removed their banking house to the corner of Fourth and Main streets, where they have fitted up a very complete office.

We are indebted to E. E. Bowers, Clerk of the Peytona, for New Orleans papers.

The Masonic Temple will not be used as a hospital.

OUTRAGES.—When a band of guerrillas come within a mile or two of the city and go into a citizen's home or grocery and knock down the proprietor, rob him of goods and money, and commit like depredations, people think it an outrage, and call the perpetrators thieves, rascals, &c., and the military authorities send out scouts and parties of soldiers to catch them and have them punished for their rashness. At the same time we have "Federal guerrillas" boldly operating under the very nose of the military authorities in the city every day and night, and nothing is done whatever to put a stop to the many depredations committed upon our citizens every night. During the past few days our German citizens, more particularly the loyal ones in the upper portion of the city, have suffered by soldiers who walk boldly into their establishments, and while one holds a loaded pistol to his head, others rob him of what they want, and if the proprietor shows any resistance he is knocked down and beaten. And this is not all. They walk boldly into a private residence and demand something to eat, scaring women and children, commit highway robberies, and do almost as they please. The police force of this city is not large enough to afford ample protection to our citizens, and it is time the military authorities were taking some measures toward putting down guerrilla warfare at home before they attempt to do so abroad.

HIGHWAY ROBBERIES.—Murderous assaults and highway robberies are becoming a matter of very common occurrence in our city, and in most instances the villains succeed in making their escape, owing to the insufficiency of the numbers of our city police. Since our last issue, which was on Monday morning, there have been no less than a dozen highway robberies in our city, and yet none of the parties have been arrested except in one case, which occurred on Market street, above Campbell, when Constantine Feuback was robbed of \$10. At the corner of Eighth and Broadway, on Monday night, a man by the name of McDonald was robbed by three men of some \$200. We have heard of other assaults and robberies, which are too numerous to mention at the present time. Our police force do all in their power to prevent these outrages and arrest the guilty parties, but their numbers are wholly inadequate. Will the city authorities so increase our police that our citizens may be safe in their lives and property, or shall the citizens be compelled to take the law into their own hands and shoot down all who attack them after nightfall?

A paragraph appeared in Monday's Democrat, noticing the arrest of Mr. Davis, who was charged with obtaining a package of money under false pretenses, left at the Louisville Hotel by Adams & Company's Express for Mr. C. C. Ricketts. The money has been forwarded by Mr. D. for Mr. Ricketts, and when he (Mr. Davis) reached that hotel, he found that Mr. Ricketts had gone, and called for the package, and received for the same in the name of Mr. Ricketts. The proprietor of the hotel becoming alarmed, sent officer Gholchrist on the track of Mr. Davis, and had him arrested. Upon an examination of the master and a deposit of the amount of money by a gentleman who knows Mr. Davis, he was promptly released. Mr. Davis is a gentleman well known to a number of citizens, who vouch for him. It is just such a mistake as is liable to occur with any one. Mr. Davis only called for his own package, addressed to his friend. The friend being absent, he called for and obtained the package. Of course, he sold it to Mr. Ricketts' horse and sloped. He is now alone, as his equid is broken up.

GENERAL LYON AT CAMPBELLSVILLE, KY.—We learn by private letter that the advance of General Lyon's forces arrived at Campbellassville, Kentucky, as soon, Friday, from Hodgenville. It was not long before the town was filled with rebels, supposed to be about 1,000 men. They broke into stores and robbed them of a large amount of goods. The principal sufferers were Messrs. Chandler & Merner, G. D. Taylor and Gowdy, Turner & Co. By order of General Lyon, who was present, when he (Mr. Davis) reached that hotel, he found that Mr. Ricketts had gone, and called for the package, and received for the same in the name of Mr. Ricketts. The proprietor of the hotel becoming alarmed, sent officer Gholchrist on the track of Mr. Davis, and had him arrested. Upon an examination of the master and a deposit of the amount of money by a gentleman who knows Mr. Davis, he was promptly released. Mr. Davis is a gentleman well known to a number of citizens, who vouch for him. It is just such a mistake as is liable to occur with any one. Mr. Davis only called for his own package, addressed to his friend. The friend being absent, he called for and obtained the package. Of course, he sold it to Mr. Ricketts' horse and sloped. He is now alone, as his equid is broken up.

OUTRAGE AT MY SOLDIERS.—During Monday night a party of eight or nine soldiers took possession of the lower part of the city and waylaid yester night the most outrageous conduct. They entered the drug store of John Colgan & Co., at the corner of Tenth and Walnut streets, and robbed the store of some thirty dollars worth of fine tobacco. From there they went to a barber shop near by and robbed a man who was there a few overcast. They next proceeded to the grocery store of Martin Ceniger, on Eleventh street, between Madison and Chastain, who they robbed of various articles amounting in value to some thirty or forty dollars. They also visited several other stores in the lower portion of the city, all of which shared the same fate. They moved about through the streets driving off their carriages and driving every one. These outrages on the part of soldiers are becoming a matter of general complaint by our citizens, and we hope that the military authorities will take some action to put a stop to the same.

BURNED TO DEATH.—On Sunday night Mrs. Thompson, an old and respected lady who resides at the corner of Fourteenth and Market streets, was so badly burned that she died the following morning at seven o'clock. She was sitting in her room, with two of her children around her, when the candle, which was sitting on the table, fell in the old lady's lap and set fire to her clothes. The cries of the children, together with the screams of Mrs. Thompson, brought her neighbors to her assistance, but until she was so severely burned that she died as above stated.

WE PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING NOTE FROM JUDGE MONROE FOR THE BENEFIT OF "WHOMSOEVER CONCERNED":

EDITORS' DEDICATION: Please say to the public that most of the men who are engaged in the rebellion are traitors, and that those who are not are the Imperialists.

WE INVITE ALL TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE OPERA TO NIGHT.—The bill presented at the opera to-night is one of the best ever offered by Dr. Akiss. They present three operas, Les Huguenots, Der Freischütz and Faust on the same night. This brings into regulation the entire strength of the company, and will present a full season which will doubtless attract a full house. Promenade admittance tickets for this night one dollar, including dress circle and parquette.

AS TO-NIGHT IS THEIR LAST OR FAREWELL APPEARANCE, AND THE SCENES ARE BEAUTIFUL, THE MUSIC IS SOFT AND THE DANCING IS EXCELLENT.

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Daily Democrat.

ANNIE,

—OR—

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader) 27, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love yet. "Had she no offer?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be accounted one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she get such assurance? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution—but she was a resolute girl. We must go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grace of his counting-room, really indulging in serious reflections on the past and the future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented himself and inquired for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said, "I am he."

The stranger might have been some 30 years or so of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was in his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:

"—17th mo. 18—

"Friend Paul—This will introduce to thee my friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from youth up. Thee may depend upon him for such that he can do, and shall not lean upon a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him then mayest paradise benefit thyself and have cause to rejoice.

"Thy former and present friend,

"Micah Loonis."

"It's not very long that can get old Micah Loonis' endorsement on his character," said Paul Bremen, to himself, as he folded up the letter of the well-known associate of former days. "Old Micah, poor soul, a quarter of a million or four thousand else—will it do—I want him—getting old, business increasing—must have some help now, as well as any time."

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence at the man before him. At length he opened his lips.

"Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?"

"I have some few years experience."

"Any objection to place here? Preferably close—only one thousand a year."

"When can you begin?"

"Now."

A real smile shone on the old man's face.

It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of the evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features.

A stout was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, masters were explored, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his heart and mind. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most noteworthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuit to which he had devoted himself, misfortune had come thick and fast upon him. He found himself with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two only daughters.

A young man, who had passed away, he greatly deplored in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him possessed a treasure.

Very little indeed was said by either of them, not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting-room. Thus these six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young woman before him; something was evidently brewing in that old head! What could it be? And then, too, he looked so seriously.

"Charles," said James, "something's coming."

Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.

"What is it, father?" she said to him one morning at the breakfast-table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; "do tell me."

"I wish you'd have him!" burst forth like an avalanche. "Known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—relax as slow—work—prime for business—worth his weight in gold."

"Whoa, father? What are you talking about?"

"My head clerk, Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else worth a quill."

Annie was pushed. She laughed, however, and said:

"Marry my father's clerk! What would people say?"

"Humbug, child, all humbug—worth forty of you whiskered, lounging, lazy gent, say what they please; what do I care? what do you care? what's money, after all? got enough of it—want a sensible man, somebody to take care of it, all humbug."

"What's all humbug, father?"

"Why, people's notions on these matters—Copeland is poor—so was I once—may be again—world's full of change—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie, wish you'd like him."

"Father, are you serious?"

"Serious, child!" and he looked so.

Annie was a chip of the old block; a strong-minded, a resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.

"Father, if you're really serious in the matter, the old Copeland I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me, and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the master to me?"

"Go ahead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning!"

"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion to our friend, Mrs. Richards, in H— street. She shall know the whole affair; you shall call me by my middle name of Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to the old Copeland as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care of itself."

"I see," and one of those rare smiles illuminated his face. It actually got between his lips, parted them asunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there, when he left the house for the store. The twilight of that smile had not yet gone when he reached the well-known spot, and bowed, and looked "good morning," to those in his employ. On the morning of that day when looks were addressed to our friend Charles? so many, so peculiar, so full of meaning! In the head clerk could not but notice them, and that, too, with some alarm. What was coming? At length the volcano burst forth.

"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet he could not have been more astonished. Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in the counting-room too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He for the first time made a blot on the fair page before him.

"I say—why don't you get a wife?—know just the thing for you—prime aristocratic—poor em—what of that—that's fortune is a wife, you know—so of a relation of mine—don't want to meddle with other people's affairs, know our own business best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her."

Now the fact is, that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have devised his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James, the Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document or rather imposing form to Charles.

"Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at 67 H— street—place it in the hands of the person to whom it is directed; don't want to trust it to any one else."

The clerk saw on the outside, "Mrs. Richards, No. 69 H— street." The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

"She is not in, but I expect present; will you be seated?" There was an air of quietness and an air of self-command about this person which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once (you always do with such people), and made some commonplace remark which was immediately responded to, then another; and soon the conversation grew more interesting. Her absence was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside.

"Mr. Copeland?" Charles bowed. "Miss Peyton?" The young lady bowed, and they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, father."

"Forward; march!" said old Paul, and looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction.

"The old man's as awake to-night as a new parrot," said James to the cook. The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times, "Miss Peyton, Dr. B. B. he was making out some bill of particulars."

"Believe me the last evening?" Copeland bowed.

"Mrs. Richards is an old friend—humble in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton, worth her weight in gold any day—have myself sold out."

"How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen!" said Charles, one evening, to Annie; "I think you said you were a relation of his?"

"I am a relative of his through my mother," was the grave reply.

Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile.

Some what later than usual on that day Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was written there.

"I see, I see," said the old man; "the account is closed, books balanced, have it all through now in short order. You are a sensible girl; no foolish puns; just what I want; I bless you, child, bless you."

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting-room. Casks and boxes seemed to stand round with wonder.

"Copeland, you are a fine fellow; heard from Mrs. Richards; done up well. Come to my house, the old man never been there yet; it's eight o'clock, precisely."

"How much interest he seems to take in this matter," said Charles. "He's a kind old fellow in his way; a little rough, but good at heart."

"Yes, Mr. Copeland, even kinder than you think for."

At eight o'clock precisely the door-bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen, and immediately withdrew."

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"At eight o'clock precisely the door-bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen, and immediately withdrew."

"Charles, you are a fine fellow; heard from Mrs. Richards; done up well. Come to my house, the old man never been there yet; it's eight o'clock, precisely."

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